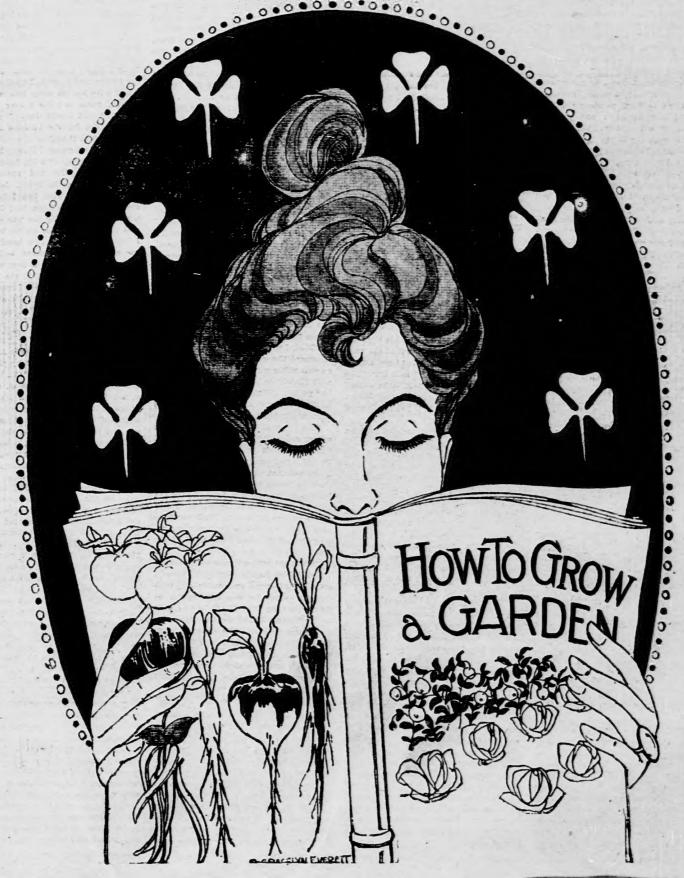
The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1918

FICTION Magazine



went softly to the bed. Elleen was there bbing in hopelom fashion

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D

Mrs. McCullough smoothed her daughter's hair.

"Your brother's wife Mary was here the day," she began. "Tis strange tales she brings of a lovers' quarrel twint you and young Morrie."

"She lies?" mid Elle querrel between as parted us."

"God forgive me putting that he en Mary," said Mrs. McCulleugh; "and now out with the whole truth to your mother,

So Elleen sobbed out the entire to d let her mother comfort her at the and of it, first with loving words, then with a cup of strong tee.

But Mrs. McCullough's warm heart was filled with hatred for Mrs. Rothschild, "the suid heathen," yet what did she do one bright day a week after Elicen's confession but don her prottiest s and the black bonnet with the one standing pansy and seek out Mrs. Rothschild in her home.

Mrs. Rothschild opened the door to the ping. Mrz. McCullough walked in.

T'm Mra McCullough," began the hady, "and it's on rather a cruel errand I gome the day."

"Sit down," said Mrs. Rothschild un-

"Tie stre pe tales I hear of my daughter and your sea," said Mrs. Me-Cullough, taking a chair. "Strange tales, and it's woe to m

Mrs. Rothschild seated hermif on the a edge of a couch.

"They see it me more of one another," mid Mrs. Rothschild.

"That is your own imagination, Mrs. Rothschild. They do see one an and as one mother to the next mothe Two come to you. Your son

What then is the matter with my sea Morris? A fine boy, a good son-

"Perhaps, but not good enough for my little Eileen. I do not think se; her ers do not think so. I have come to you in candid feeling to help me separate the two, for 'tie sure I'd cry out my eyes should this unthinkable marriage occur!"

"And of my see you say he is not good enough for a Schikes?"

"That extinuous word is not to be understood by one educated in an Irish rent. "Tie that I understand, despite or beathenish wig and your keeping d Saturday for holy Sunday, you'll help me get my daughter from ou your son's claws." She leaned forward.

"Tis a brave prince comes courtin' her

the new, and diamonds and entire she may have, with a high phase in society!" "My Morrey," answered Mrs. Rethe-shild, "could marry Rasie Stein, of a fine devery, a rare good girl, known for her

"Ob, then, Mrs. Br child, lot you printer our marry this fish girl! Thank God, you have a bride picked out for him. Many's the election night I've passed ing this lackless mating of my girl."

"With my Morris, your girl she think she has it a king!

"Ah, "tie the tree mother you are," mid lim McCallough, smiling. "Tie that yes hide your disappointme printer sun." She was as at in but a She rese, and her voi was allky with pity. "Is it then I may rest easy you will give your Morris to oking Rosis, and so save my Elleen for the grand match?"

Outraged vanity, injured motherhood, desire to blast this hateful, crowing displaced every other consideration in Mrs. Rothschild's breast! What words of soors might have issued from her tipe will never be known, for suddenly the front door was pushed open. In a

1 Jewish method of cooking.

nent there entered, glowing, Morrisi

"Mother!" Morris cried, "we are m re is ne more to be said."

With wonderful pres McCallough sprang forward, chaped he daughter to her, and walled a hand

"Oh, my child—my poor lest child!"

A look of triumph overspread M
Rothschild's countenance. In a levelce she heeks inte Mrs. McCullough

"Exteen, who is it now my con's bride," is cried, "she is now made welcome in her true home!"

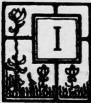
It was magnificent, that surrender, Mrs. McCullough released har daughter with a sigh that school through the a. Sadly she spoke.

"Any time, my little one," she mu mured, "you wish to come to me, I star raiting you with open arms. Not one can word, not one look acress her nose but come you home to me."

And on this Mrs. McCullough depart ed, her wished ald heart rejoicing. Ill know what she know! Mrs. Rothechii at forever and a day go holding her

y even. |Georgisht, 1618, by J. Koning)

THE GINHOULIAC HEIRLOOM



fenced that even as office boys go, Bonfortunato Tagliatels was by no cans of engaging personality. He was short for his fourteen years, and

hair hung low over his eyes, with which he squinted horribly. Moreover, down his broad upper lip the objective symptoms of an acute coryza coursed machecked, save when he ministered to them by a process of noisy inhalation.

So irritating was the sound that it oved easy going John Oakley to pretestations of disgust.

"By George," be said to Freddy Furnival, "that office boy of yours is a freak! May I ask what on earth induced you to hire him?"

"You may," Freddy replied. "The so consideration was that he's a member of the Benvenuto Cellini Circle of the Tasso Settlement on Mott street, at which your eister Mary is a worker."

'Quite so," Oakley commented; "but

"Spoken like a brother!" said Freddy.
"I suppose you don't know Mary is awfully down on me, and calls me one of the idle rich?"

I do know it," Oakley replied. "Last night at dinner she said you were only playing at practicing law."

Precisely," said Furnival; "and Tayfor shall be the means of disillusie her. He is under strict injunction to inform her, first, what a large and lucrative practice I'm acquiring, and, second, how by precept and example I'm making a out of him."

He felt in his pockets for some cigarets, and found none there.

"Taylor!" he called, and when Tagliatela appeared in response he threw the lad a quarter. "Get some cigarets," he said; "the kind we're both partial to."

You don't mean to say you feed him sigarets?" said Oakley when the boy had

"Not I!" Furnival answered. "He helps himself to 'em, together with what small change I may have, out of the pockets of my office coat, when I'm not Last week he developed a new trick. I found my library dwindling volume by volume. He sells 'em at a book shop on Ann street. I followed him there last Thursday, and arranged to have him paid a quarter apiece for reports and 30 cents for digests. Very decent fellow,

By Montague Glass

AUTHOR OF "MRS. BILLINGTON'S FIRST CASE," "FIRING MESS COMEN," ETC. Illustrated by Bon Cohen

Ginhouliac made one fatal error. Had he adopted Freddy's methods toward Taylor he might not have lost out at the last moment

the proprietor. He turns 'em back to me at a nickel profit—and there you are."

"By Jove! What won't a fellow do when he's in love?" Oakley ejaculated.

"You're quite right," said Freddy; 'but there are comper tions. I've invited myself over to the Benvenute Cellini Circle tonight, as Taylor's guest, and Mary will be there. Here he is now," he to off suddenly. "Greetings, Taylor!"

The stunted youth entered, and, grinsing sheepishly, deposited a package of cigarets on the deak, from which Freddy

"Cigarets used to come ten in a bax," he said as he opened the package; "buiha, as I thought, there are only nine here! The trusts again, Oakley you can't best

HE Tasso Settlement on Mott street omplished two results, neither of which was important from the sta point of sociology. Imprimis, it provided Hector Gnihouliac, its founder and head worker, with a living; and, secondly, it catered to a laudable and charming taste for "social service" in various wealthy ng spinsters. One of these Hector arked for his own.

"What others have done I can do," he declared to himself; and when he reflected on the insignificant looking nobleme who had procured financial independence on the strength of family conne better than his own, he gave his genero brown mustache an extra upward impetus and laid siege to the heart of Mary

To that serious person there cou no comparison between Ginhouliac, the Milanese of French extraction, and Freddy Furnival, only heir-at-law of Furni-val's Dry Soap and Magic Cleaner. Freddy's perennial flippancy served but to irritate Mary, who was nothing if not earnest of purpose, while the suave and polished Ginhouline appealed strongly to her sense of dignity.

True, Ginhouliac had no money, and even made melancholy jest of his poverty

"But you are rich in your life work," the would my.

Cinbouliac would answer with a resigned smile, induced, no doubt, by the aptness of Mary's observation. He would indeed be rich if his plans matured as he hoped. Moreover, he sincerely admired Mary. Her face was lovely rather than beautiful, and her large brown eyes, sur mounted by a wealth of chestnut hair, seemed to reflect not only her own in conce but a conacionmens of that of others toward her.

In most men her glance might well provoke a sense of their ewn unworthinoss, but in Ginhoulise it aroused only ngratulation. The proposition seamed delightfully easy mave for one ob-stacle-manualy, the cost of a suitable en-gagement ring; and this difficulty, to a person of Hootor's Ingentity, might be n's ingentity, might be

When Freddy extered the settler house on the Tuesday in question, in Mary's company, Ginhouline feit no quain. He greeted Miss Califey offusively and acknowledged his introduction.

Freddy with an obstance that his grace and dignity in just the right pro-

"Assuredly," thought Freddy, "this is mothing to be kicked!"

"How d'ye do?" he said aloud. "Cold, isn't it?"

ouline agreed that it was "cauld," and asked if Miss Caldey was to have the pleasure of demonstrating the settlement work to Mr. Perniyal.

"Not exactly," Mary replied. "I met him by chance on the way over from the my. He's here as a great of one of the clubs."

"The Benvenute Cultini Circle," Freddy broke in.

"Ah, so!" mid Ginhoulise. "You proe the Italian good."

"At the invitation of my friend Benfortunate Tagliatela," said Freddy, enunting all the liquid syllables with prac-

"Too badda!" Ginhouliac murmured.

"He isn't sick, is he?" Mary ask

"Notta seek," said Ginhoulise. "A-ch notta seck. I should to be seek. He tak from my deak six of my cigars, and I find him smoking them in my offic

"I'm sorry to hear it," Freddy een

"It is so matter," Ginhoulie with a smile and a shreg. "I keek him down to the street corner. He notte come back, I promise you!"

Then Mr. Furnival is deprived of his host," said Mary.

"Notta so, notta so!" Ginhouline be in burriediy. "Mine shall be the pleas to act as bost." He turned to Furnival. "And to show you how it is we uplift the poor foreign boy," he said with a fine p of his soft, white hand.

Preddy smiled at the involunt

mor of the head worker's phrase.
"Not with the foot," Ginhouli tened to add, 'like that unfortunate Tag-lintels. Bad manners we condone here, but dishonesty must be treated must be treated, ab-

mmarily," Mary beiped out.

Ginhouline smiled his thanks with a dazzling show of regular, white teeth.

"Just so," he marmured. "My Eng-lish is a little difficult at times, but with Mess Caldey to help me, I become like-how shall I say it?—like another Shek-

ont a faint shade of pink came over Mary's pale features, not unnoticed by Preddy, whose mental atti-tude at the time might well have been translated by a low whistle. For the reof the evening he watched Miss Califor of the evening he watered miss camery and the head worker closely, with a net result of six hand clasps, and six result-ing blushes from Mary, intermingled with a multitude of dunning smiles from Gine

Altogether Freddy spent an fraught more with surprise than amu ment; and at its close, when he a Mary to the subway, he found his fund of nall talk somewhat depleted.

G inhouldants a pretty good sort," that is, for a dago."

"A dago!" Mary exclaimed. "Freddy Purnival, I beg of you..."
"That's all right," Freddy exp

"he is a dage, isn't he? That's the pepu-lar name for an Italian, just as Yank is for a down easter. I'm a Yank, you know, and you can call me one if y want to."

"I might be justified in calling you any

ON THE HENRY BUCK

of Foreign Parts tained the dignity of being a gra father, the sea still of her rough chil-

dren. Like the roaring cu banged his bar with iron knuckles, he could not stay away from his old fostermother. I found him putting on his coat when I dropped in one afterno

"Ye're in time for a walk," said he. I'm going to take a turn about the city

A grizzled ex-skipper, who was always sitting somewhere about the place, to charge, and we went out together. It was one of those rare drowsy days when the sun shines on San Francisco Bay and there is no breeze to speak of. The Street of Foreign Parts was somnolent; we passed windows which bore the names of distant ports. We turned the corner and walked down to East street. Crossing that busy thoroughfare, we made our way to the wharves.

Bowsprits reached out over our heads as we walked; riggers worked far above us, clinging to diszy perches; the sme of brine and barnacles and decaying of brine and barnacies and decaying piles was in our nostrils. The eraft of the seven seas lay in the slips; slender, tall-masted schoeners redolent with the odor of Puget Sound Jumber; tramp steamships with hulls of red and black; two old wooden ships with painted port a dainty French bark over whose rail ned a sallor in a red yarn cap; white transports taking on cargo for the Phil-ippines, and stern-wheeled steamers discharging leads of produce from the banks of inland rivers.

A riff-raff of tugs and launches w moving in and out among all these big sisters of theirs. Out in the stream a hattleship lay moored to a buoy. Near by a dingy whaler swung at anchor; she was somber, sinister in color and line; her whole appearance was forbidding; a grim ship, and she seemed to say that she had seen much evil.

"She'll sall tomorrow," said Light-house Tom. "God help her crew." He gave her allong look and swore under his breath. His eyes hung on her, and hate was in them. A silver-haired giant, he had now no kindness about him; he was again the man of action; and hot pasgions flamed within him. In a moment It was past, and we found a sunny no on a long dock, with the warehouse be-hind us and the bay in frost. We sat down, and Lighthouse Tom filled his black clay pipe.

. . .

THE sait water pulls me down here, aid at length. "I'm getting old, but I can't stay away." He sniffed the air and forgot to light up. As if he could not resist the grip of his former calling, he fell to comment on some of the vesseis that lay close by. When he had run on for some time he lighted the tobacco and smoked in silence.

A young fellow had been loafing aimlessly about the dock. The peculiar dejection of his attitude and the ill set of his worn clothes told their story plainly enough. He was one of those whom the city had lured from afar and he had found the promises empty. His face was pinchéd.

While Lighthouse Tom was a man came up to this loiterer. He, too, was unmistakable; you can find his type on any crowded water front, never working, always prowling about, and usually in some sailors' saleon. In the old days of the crimps and boarding-houses they were more numerous and sleeker; no they often fetch up in police court with arge of larceny against them. pair talked for a moment. I saw Light-

By Frederick R. Bechdolt

CO-AUTHOR OF TH

Bustrated by F. McAnelle

A thrilling tale of the North Pacific in the days when shanghaiing was in its prime. How one old salt took a desperate chance

use Tom glance that way and stiffen. The pinched youth was shaking his head

emphatically; the other man departed.

"Poxy boy," said Lighthouse Tom, and chuckled; he raised his voice. over here, mate."

The boy looked our way, heritated, and in the and came.

"What sort of a job did he offer ye?" demanded Lighthouse Tom.

The other gave one suspicious glance, and then, as if reassured by the face of his questioner, smiled wanly.

"He said he wanted men for a big tramp steamer that was going to Seattle," said be; "and that there was lots of work up that way. It didn't look good to

Lighthouse Tom was fumbling in his ws pockets. He brought forth a dollar and a half dollar.

. . . HERE," said he. "Up on Market street, a matter of five blocks, there is an employment agency. Ye can get a job there fer the dollar; the rest will stake ye for a bed and meal. Ye'll do well to r clear of the city front when the

whalers is in port."

When the boy lad got over his astanishment and had departed, Lighthouse
Tom nodded to my look of inquiry.

"That big tramp steamer' is the wh er out there in the stream," mid he: d Puget Sound would be two years in the Aretic fer that lad."

I said something about thinking that shanghaiing was done with, since the milors' union had managed to get recent

"It never will be with the whalers." reed them again, and his clear old eves fiamed as he looked out at the somber vessel in the stream. "I get savage when I think of them," said he. "The en's hearts that has been broke abo of them! I know. No man knows better. Did I ever tell ye how I got my does of

The sun was warm and we had an our or more of basking ahead of us. I begged him for the yarn; and he launched into it with more profanity. There no doubt that every oath came from his beart.

"Ye see," he explained, "I'd been shanghaied two times before. I told ye of one of them; the other was when I was a slip of a lad and it didn't count. One ship was the same as another in th days, and the sea was the best place for me. But this was after I had married and settled down, and I had it in mind never to go to sea ag'in.

"Ye remember how I stole the mi from old Pedro, her father, when Big Joe was about to marry her? And ye mind how old Mother Martin helped me and give me \$75 advance money for the v'y'ge. Twas chough fer any man to make his start with. But a sailor is in a hard way ashore, and I had been to sea ever since I was a kid. "Twas all I knowed, ever since I had cast loose from the old man in Dublin, 11 years old. Cabin boy and ed seaman and fisherman; that was what I had behind me. I was lost Me and the lass left Mother Martin's boarding-house and found a little shack on the side of Rincon Hill. I started out to look fer a job. To this day when I see a lad a-castin' his eye around fer work and gettin' none my heart goes out to him. There's nawthin' makes a an feel so down and out as getting turned away.

"I got it. Every day I got it. I had no trade; I did not know the ways of the land; I was as belpless as a ship aground on a lee abore. The worst of it was a-coming home to Annette. She could talk next to no English, and I could not lay my tongue to Portugee. All I would do an I come in with the soles of me feet all blistered from walking and my heart as heavy as a ship's lead, was to shake my head at her. And then she would smile up at me as much as to say, 'Fair weather ahead, lad,' and she would kins e, and we would set down and eat what she had cooked up fer me. She learned her first English during them days. Enough to tell me one night that the

That made me savage. No m cher new, and she in the biggest need that she had ever been in. Old Pedro was still sore at her for slipping her cable and getting spliced to me, when he had it all laid out for Big Joe. He igh us and he would have laughed if he had knowed the ca that we was in.

"Well, I made much over her that night, and I talked about the boy. For a boy it was to be; I was dead set on it. Boy,' says I over and over to her; and she says 'Boy' back to me. But when I come to take thought of it afterward I was not so sure that she meant the word. I laid awake long after she had gone to sleep alongside of me, and the more I thought, the savager I got. At last I dropped off, and the next morning she sung out, 'All hands' to me. The first thing that come into me head was what she had told me. I had good res

"Well, I went down to East street, and it seemed like every man I laid my eyes on was either working or going to his job with his dinner bucket in his fist. And I had no job. All the time I had the lase in mind; and I have knowed ever sin in' the feeling of being a thief.

"I tell ye, lad, I seem men with the money a-jingling in their pockets, and it made my heart go black inside of me. And if it had been night then I would of taken a chanst, the same as many a poor devil has done before and since. I was beating about the city front, trying the best I knowed how to lay out some new course to steer by, and me head was spinning with the things that was a-re ning through it, when I run afoul of Big

"I had not cast my eyes on him sin I smashed his face in front of old Pedro's cond-hand store and made off with Annette, when he was a-going for to marry her himself. I told ye he was bully of the Comax Bunkers gang. He come now along with a half a dozen of them big coal heavers. They was in their don-garees and undershirts, and their faces was black from the work. No sooner did I clap eyes on them than Big Joe sighted ma. He come bows on.

. . .

N OW, what with the trouble I was in and the way I felt to all men. I was a-looking for the worst of it anyways. It sort of made me feel good to see him, too; fer I figured it that I could hammer hell out of him and one or two of his mates before they got me down. I squared away like.

"But he grinned like a jack lantern and stuck out his big black paw. 'Lighthouse Tom,' says he, 'how are ye anny-how?' For a matter of a minute I did

not get my bearin's, and be sung ou What! Are ye sore yet? Mates,' so he, 'this here is the bully that trimm M, MAYS me, the one I told ye about.' The geng of em come crewding up with the whites of their eyes a rollin'. How is the missus?' says he. 'By God, ye have a good woman, Lighthouse Tom.' I gripped him by the hand then. Damned if he didn't tell the rest of them about our fight ag'in, and their eyes hung out like ? was some curio. 'And,' says he, 'the beet man got her. Come on, says he, 'and have a drink with us.'

"We went to a saloon acrost the way, and Big Joe asked me how I was a-make ing it. I told him I was a-casting about some sort of a job. You come along with me, says he. 'Ye can learn to swing a scoop. I'll get ye on this afternoon.

"That took all the wind out of my It had been that hard weath and here come a line from a quarter 1 had never looked to. I told him as much He laughed down at me-fer big as I was then, he was half a head the loftier-and mys he Better for the lass she come to ye. I like me liquor and me buildog toe rell to make fast with a woman. I know it, if I didn't know it then. Ye fought me fer her and ye won, Lighthouse T And I have lost too many bets on Sunday rain' races to raise a roar when all was fair and above board, says he We'll make fer the bunkers now; the timekeeper is there."

"So that arternoon I shove d coal under the hatchway of a big bellied tramp along with Big Joe and twenty other black, hairy, sweatin' devils. In a for of black dust, and work like I had never seem before. It got me, too; I near te went under. But Big Joe was me friend d the gang give me all the best of it. I have seen many a new hand come to one of them colliers sence, and get the heavy end; and I learned then what luck I had been in. 'Tie all in the knack of it, and soon I got so that I could swing my scoop and trim my pile all proper and stand up to it with the best of them.

. . . THAT night I come home to Annette as black as Big Joe; and my pins was a shaking under me with what I had done, But I had six hours' time in, and that meant \$3 carned. I left a black mark where I kissed her. And when I had sluiced off the dust and eat me supper we sat and talked together in the kitches, I fell to sleep in me chair, a-teaching of her to say 'Michael.' That was to be the boy's name, fer 'twas me father's, and I liked it.

"Every evenin' after that I used to s there in the kitchen a-teachin' of her English. And there was no evenin' when she would not look up at me and say 'Michael,' and then come over to me and set on my lap and kins me. Ah, lad? Them was the days, even if we was poor The hard weather we had been through made this seem like a quiet har

"Sometimes I would not come home until midnight or after. That was in the beginning of the winter, when the colliers was comin' into port every day or two, and the gang used to be working overtime. Six bits an hour fer that, and God knows we 'arned it, too. When we knocked off the balance of them would head fer the saloons; and on Sundays they would gamble away their wages on the coursin' races or backing Big Joe's bulldog ag'in a pit dog from up in the Mission

"But I had none of that. I took me money home to the lass, and she stowed it away in the locker ag'in the boy that was to come. I would be making me way from the city front when it was dark and raining; and I would see nothing nor feel aught of the wind and wet fer thinking of her a-waiting there for me. Proud we two was: and foolish with

ping binch, and ahs was full of vitabity. cap a little awry. Her eyes were a anap-

pould he ever expect to gut by without a morel with her. A widow who gave her all

He went in, reluctantly. But how Morrey!" she called.

bright in their shiring. The streets de-sected, Morrie and Eileen alone. They parsed rows of little homes, frame, with becomest rooms and little yards at front and side.

"If you get tired you can lean on me," be said tenderly.

"I'll go with you sometimes," she mid.

"You're wonderful-and different," he

When she returned, the slippers ox-changed for her little black boots, they started away. Morris' head, swinging free, touched hers. She felt an electric shock, but she did not withdraw her

"I'll wait right here," said Morria,

hippers," she said. "I can't want home

"When the hall great" she commensed.

He had quite forgotten, ton, that this er aurrender. Bo blind are men!

pressing the candles in accordance with Elicen, with clasped hands raised was delabra containing wax candles. Mrs. Rothschild, her back to her son and with superfine lines and a silver caning near the table, which was covered her elbow. There was his mother stand-

dining-room be took his girl, his hand at are suppose one greatest one to the

om ald evad bus leamed inhitused aid: He knew he had only a need to want sH

or sentence interp has ever all all!"

tel ble ald of es but abe inew his sefforing. Mes juice to at Morris. His eyes were on his plate,

Elleen, miserable, cast a quick glance

Mrs. Rothschild; "It is keaher." "You will not care for our most," said

had given her colorful little self entirely

Into his keeping.

-loan Adeir in London Grafbic.

Shoulders his little gun and blays the soldier game.

I match the same sweet lawn, my heart is wrung

The homeland sun made frolis with his hair BUT yesterday we flayed at soldiers, he and I;

Another boy, with shining heir, the same,

. . . . parrafte sent s'amil ya

Sunok Suisens a komow um ni puy

Toying an instant with Life's bauble, Death,

As on the daisied laws he fell to die,

es nor man I" , shore a month ", meath you es to month on you would "Come home to supper with ma,

Where now was her flaunted in-endence? Gone, seemingly, with the

him with unwonted biuches on her

Contile and and I like girl. I ber-

her little girl, knowing something the come in between her and her lover. She thread to Missel's door, dung it open and So now her heart was sore for Elli-

has hid new Julyine heer had odn july in the way of teaching the children what she liked of smints and fast days? Mormore then a lowing bushend and no stone bloared side among the her help and a since mid a side of a second and a side of a side of a come a word of bevil leves has a side of a come a word of bevil leves has a side of a

McCullough care for Morris' difference is religion, if Eileen wanted him and if with Not one map of her fingers did Mra. HARLY & LORG CAT. appetite to love's threarting. And, toe, toe, toe, toe, toe, toe, south and the most son had struck ascribed the girl's livitemment and loss of been said, her own sense of romance, she

that Eilees's gay spirits had been quesched, and having never lost, as has

Now Mrs. McChilough very well knew

es betimb sits tailt moltamotal beset a notic mont straight to her room and the mut-

and only the desire for Merris filled bur

from happy, though her burt pride kept her with bead high. Once isside her over door, however, the pride fell from her,

Eileen, going quickly home, was far sud tenacious nature.

its clasp, as might be guessed from his once having him, kept him ruthlessly in suffered every moment of his waking hours and far into the night. For love, non, and morris, heartsick, thought that But she moved away, atraid of his pas-

she did not care, nor was suffering as he

despite all. Do you think I'll give you

"No!" he cried. 'You will marry me,

".He 31 best, I'm thinking, to quit worrying about my enemy," said Elleen sagely. "And 'tha S'Torion s'nom as as 2nol os 19vol"

be happy."

We love one another. We can marry and the way of being insuited!"
"I didn't know, Elleen," he replied
misorably, "But what does it matter.

should have told me, and not put me in kind word from me." And then:

shea. There's tee many waiting for a would marry a man against his mother's

"I don't hate you, but 'tis not me that She stopped, then looked up at him,

"Elleen!" he cried, "le it fair that you

Once Morris waylaid her on her way

sparkling stone. off as Zaibielyan bas fasilird as bomes

the little diamond ring, and Eileen's eyes walk watching for her. In his pocket ing she a glasce to throw at Morrie, who every noon stood on the aide-IGHTLY and laughingly filleen went on with her work but no longer had

sed baided well Morris beard the front door close of like a chil in daterix one of the m word, but pushing back her chair, ram her finger the little new, sparkling ring and new flund from the said new flund it on the table. She said ne Eileen suddenly sprang up, puiled from those of her son. In the tenne silence

Rothschild's eyes sank before me-anything! Elleen is my girl."

"Mother," he said, "it matters not to ETY face of her lover.

Eileen could only stare up into the an-

"But that cannot be. The girl is of a Mrs. Rothschild rose in her place

merty Esteen;" he cried; "I'm golag to

But Morris sprang up quickly mer cor usphinses. My son-Fabineda miqueq be shaid owt tad) wee

"Reil spirits I know nothing about,"

in the south window on St. Michael's with my mother sets a long wax can hve edt deland o'T' bildestheff griff

The Game

beloved and among and devoted a

orthodox black wig set sternly athwart a high and shining forebead. Ellosn, in

prepared her for his mother, who now

what to say. Morris had in no manner "Not a very big job!"

sked when Eileen was seated next to

that this alien should never get a foot-

yet none the less determined in her soul

chairs, fear of her son strong upon her,

Mrs. Rethachild, with ne word, placed

"f awob fin ew linda sides effs no 3"

Since the candles are lit and every-

sism. Morris, white-lipped, out-

raged in his every instinct, spoke sharply

instanct in telling her Mrs. Spites flue her from her glone very white, slues her from her place.

I've brought her home to supper here."
"The no clease the maid will like,"
and Mrz. Ruthschild, stirring not sa inch

Cullough. I've speken to you of her and

and I; our religion it in to un every-

ens eW" herswans ada "; nidion want ace un grand biodesnod xobodres as le

she glanced bitterty at her son.

"Candlemas! It is of Candlemas I.

knew Elleen by her bonny Irinh look, and

ing, Mrs. Pothachild, and blessing the

scene, cried out suddenly:

"Oh, 'tis a Candlemas day you're keep-

Effects, struck with the beauty of the

Mrs. Rothschild, startled, turned. She

trin pressured to say:

"Mother, this is my girl, Eileen Mo-

.xon work by the candy factory?" she

"Yes," said the girl.

kold in her family.

to his mother:

truth, had thought little of Morris' bei

met Elleen that night when his printing place was closed and she was released from the chocolate factory. Elleen inoised

after the dance, and on Edison's left hand reposed a small diamond ring. She was betrethed to Morrie, a betrethal as yet a sweet secret shared between them. Morrie, a king in his new happiness, met Edison that nicht when happiness, Elisen to dismor on a Friday night, Shabbas eve, without announcing his coming to his mother, it was two months

T WAS exacily like Morris to bring room, smarting with rescentment against her for bringing him down from the

o sid et ao taew bas sed flei ed og mention as pent a s'nam

bio of sanits on aloite men ;bnaterebau Yes don't Jow always merry a Jow. Tou know I don't co in the maint of the certification of the state of th

"Morrheag; the shoop; what's the ure "Worrying!" he assumed.
"Worrying! Morrie! What would your faither, safe; my should be know you go by Ganthe gives!"

He took a shop choice to hay.
"Mother, it sain't as necessary that a "Mother, it sain't as necessary that a

cimes, and who would bring up your some to tend the school, Rose Stein, for "Morrey, these is lots of fine Jewish girls-girls who. knows it how to keep grand at week it was to make

:ure#e She know then it meant a lot if Morris brought a girl to see his mother. Mever before had he done this. She cried out

"Morrey, you like her"
"For. I'll bring her to see you
ne sees, mother."

"toot sies a flutzimment! is sies, hea!"
"not begies l'asvad I ;edyalf."

"Schikes! Oh, yol, mother; she's a

_ings upper ach! You take a Schiken! places round "What sert for name is that -McCuldajek ery:

searced as his mother gave a sendon, of bus ,yaws sal lim on name's Elleen McCullough." His "You don't know her, mother, Her

so quick tonight there was no time to tuo feer not feast not fall tailw"

in Section & Avenues of property of a section of the section of th

She was atting up in bed, her night

one to him

He passed his mother's door; it was half open, and he heard her voice coming

despor, truer side. A creed little thing who had this night, whiling that the stars, shows him that

very quietly and up to his toom without walking his mother. His thoughts were fall of Elleon; he know she was his girl. MOLLIE CHOREUC OF EAC IN 10 DIE OF put packog per grape

and then been are all the foreign of the same and the "hear in a same are a same and a same are a same and same are a same are a same as a same are a same as a same are a same are a same as a same a

McCullough, "Tou're 22, Elleen; time for a girl to know marriage, And he's rare

"Praise be to God!" exclaimed Mrs.

"Oh, mother, the greatest time I've ever had. I guess Morris and I are going

hold her very dear and perfect.

She inserted her latchkey, but when
the door swang open there in the dimiy
ilt hell steed her mether.

"Have a good time, Edleen!" she asked

They said good night at hee door. Their hands touched, but Morris didn't blue hee, and the girl was glad. He must

the fullness of things creeping into her the golden glow of things. She wanted to stay in a starlit, summer world, with a while there would be a definite relation-ally, but ahe wanted to live for a time in

But she silenced bim. Of course, after

"And after a while-" fato the country."

tue calew gool exat iffew exaband bas to be only you from now on. We'll go everywhere together, plenics, car rides,

"You're my girl, Elloen. There's go at its ond. And he, tenning down, while-

poetic races. Efficient felt as though she were in a new world, where before her stratched a wide, white road, a rainbow

"Oh, a couple of miles farther on." They fell silent, these two children of

"How the have you to go when you thrilled to this new side of belivity "I never got tired," he answered,

density," abs said. "You'll not get mark

ed heati Thefina ed H'uoy bierla m'T" bada't felt before. mureusing through the trees. A protes-tive little meed overcame her, one she ing. A fragrant, sighing breeze came oddie of water flanked by a steme cop-

best, with gram and trees and a round They came to a small park, a natur

The sight was velvet, the stars silver

thousand ways to bewilder and tescinate him were flying through her mind. I You've given me a good time tonight, it will me to attigued the contract A "you like the

me. You must go everywhere with me, and with no one chee." You must go to lots of danon with

"Tes, sit, a big Jeanston nigger with bad I and 30 sook shook fits, I had no I mad with seed when I house but

me a pine-ored nigger. sen there, e-looking straight down at I has gu besteel I sood was ald film mouth. But that was not the first thing I took note of, lad. Someone kicked me n bestohi ence and a handkerchief stuffed into Beels; ropes around me arms and legs down and out. "When I come to I was laid by the

with his open hand. "Like that, I would made a swift, short chopping move the back of the neck." Lighthouse Tom ni bassi std to ebis edt dilw em tog brassi tried to fend them off, the one that I had mescale. I turned to look, and three men piled onto me from dead shead. As I astern, and it sort of brought me back to noon. I heard the surape of a foot hard stream the same as this one is this arterynd a whaler lying out there in the where all was dark, on Frisco's city front, coming out from under the cost bunkers, mat was around and about; and I was aher. My mind was not with them things she would be a-looking when I come in to I hadn't any more than set out. I'

steered a course for home. on a run fer East street to get a drink. I o'clock in the marnin'. The gang started was a-having and this bad luck, we was all giad when we climbed to deck at I mashed in. What with the hard work we that was s-standin' hard by me; and thpped and a matter of 300 pounds of coal come from aloft. It got one of the byes for ard hold; and in the evenin' a tub "T'wo men laid out with gas in the That arternoon things come hard. MUA.

them about it, but I couldn't see it that week. They wanted me to stay and help eds aidsiw snomers blo eds no lises of in their advance money, for they was shout the lass and the good luck that had a yarn with them, and told them days and knowed one another well. So I had been together two seasons in the Head Pete, both of them fishermen. We mine there-Olat Hansen and Shrivel-"I run acrost two old shipmates of

yourself later on. there was luck in that, too, as ye'll see for an old wooden ship, scant room between decks and nasty shoveling. That noon I blowed meself fer two big, tall steam beers over at the Bells of Shandon. And come one day, a hard day in the belly of maide of me when I think of it. There me to spin, lad, fer the ugliness biles up Do not like the thought of it," he went on. "Even now it is a hard yarn for

. . . He stopped again, and then he swore, "Edine

was due by our reckoning inside of three time come; \$300 in the bank, and the boy money, and I was saving every cent that the lass and me could lay by, Spring for the reason that beer and whisky cost Total desirate aught but commend water necks off of two whisky bottles in a shift. everything was full of gas. Big Joe was my mate, and I've seen him knock the thick ye could cut it with a shovel, and where the black tog of the dust was so tubs to a hatch; and us between decks can go down to the bunkers there and see "All that winter I shoveled coal. Ye

tpem tunks comes spong knowed it. Ah, well; 'tis strange how as as we'll than to me. We was a-eriling clost to a lee shore and we never "Bad weather aboad," he muttered, 'prest

a parish among the ships; a wicked look-ing, dirty colored bulk. He shook his Eminging on her cable out in the stream, gaze toward the black bulk of the whaler aid bewellet I beqquib abileye aid be Suddenly his features dark se meaned to grow younger as he olded out across the blue waters of the

mine of the ane thing. And flow I'm ald and have two grandchildren!" Lighthouse Tom fell effent, and his old

DRES HOTESAT

POR I FUR PULL

miam edi of fes of tot tue cham bas eq; pe worry by this time. They had loo ne the lass a-waiting and sick was all about. Me on the old Henry Buck, with the Arctic shead, and back it tank bewond I ;om liet of bebeen nam oM abasi enti abiatuo saw ew bus esco the rock of the ship. The tug had cast as a-rolling about like an old cask with la me nose when I come to ag'in. saw Sinasorot s'seladw a to sanis HH T

. . .

had od) saw 3ad3 the anchor chain in the hawseholes, and ing of the donkey engine and the roar of fainted away later on, for I mind a-hearforecastle companionway; and I must of ed) awob em begmub ved! Jalidw eqor oft no wat solding has sherry om evot areb we a-seated, wicesel, to pecsely. I

the Henry Buck! And then I clapped me ashore for the hangman than come aboard beyate had bwore edt to terew edt retted . Its most rot werroe leet bud son bluco I third I was a casting me eye over them way to jail. A sweet lott But Const and boodiums grabbed on their Traduction the dance halls of the Barbary the whole of them; bums sick from a-walting fer a square meal; seum picked never seed before. Not a sailor among as tough as they make them. But the seamen! Lad, such dock's scentin's was 'ard. Well, them first was bad enough, boatmen and the like, and snother forone crew amidehips, harpooners and

oyes on Lily Brown.

To know bow it is with a whaler: I got a look at the crew. was a-rolling and everything on decis and plane I stiddied messit and



"Twas in the gray of the early morm-in and the wind was raw. It fromesed in one less a being a serior of

the kinky week come out all about it like "Blue eyes in a black face. A-stand-ing hard by; and institl of a cap or a sou". wester he had a red handrenniar tied up at the four corners on his head, so that

hitches with the supper w even for me, and a-wondering not on hand by now, A-line ul enails de om wit antilow-s seel odt to antidud -a 703 Frand out to mentived oils bus ed ton binoo I tadt on anianiqu eaw beet ton ob I sent a ta anel 703 anianid; iiA steb edt of em 503 volt wod baim mworii ylai to eook sedt own bnien eb I an anianid en to mantreed off the two for luck when I went down, for me "But I was tolking ye about me in the back. They must of handed me one or

God when he heard of it, too. and many's the poor derit that Lily Brown, the mate of the old Henry Buck, the worst hell ship in the whole whaling fleet. She is gone to pieces long

in thom. I knowed then, "This mongred that had kicked me was SEM LEGS IVE JOI AUM. BUILDIS-W SEM TOTT off bas saed s'qida a al gniyal-s asw I come down on us from a pier bead, and it shows a hower him plain. And then I seen how

DEEP LAID PLOTS

YE.

LEEN'S mother was a picturesque frish woman who loved her daughter with passion and understanding and who wanted the girl to marry where her fancy

listed, for in love she believed with all her heart.

Morris' mother was a dramatic, strongthearted Jewish woman who worshiped ther sen and wished him to marry as befitted both her and him, inside his own trace. Love was not so important.

Still, the marriage of Morris and Elicen, hastily entered into, turned out very well, one reason being, Mrs. Mc-Cullough privately thought, because Mrs. Rothschild had to walk carefully, holding her cup very straight,

As for Mrs. Rothschild, it must be said of her that she always treated her Gentille daughter-in-law with courtesy and, in time, true affection. She had one strange habit. Whenever Eileen visited her own mother, she always found some unlooked-for luxury awaiting her on her return home, quite as though Mrs. Rothschild was in rivalry with something she feared.

This is the story:

Elicen saw Morris first. She had eaten her lunch in the candy factory and had gone outdoors for a breath of hot summer air. Morris Rothschild stood on the edge of the sidewalk across the street. He was a printer in the great Harmony shops, and he, too, had come forth for fresh air.

When he saw Eileen he quite forgot his mother's frequent admonition to look first at a girl's baking board and judge as to her housekeeping qualities. Indeed, as he soon discovered, Eileen had little knowledge of baking boards, since her days were spent in the candy factory dipping fondant into pots of black chocolate and her evenings given over to devoted admirers.

After a moment, as he watched, Eileen put her arm about the waist of a girl standing near her, and together they walked down the street. Morris took in

every detail. He noticed that Eileen's dress was a one-piece black jersey, which revealed her young figure in all its ripeness. Her head was bare, and her black hair was looped like velvet earmuffs at each side of her face. Morris caught a flash of blue-

black eyes with curling, black lashes, and he was quite done for.

The next day at the same hour Morris stood at the edge of the sidewalk. He was smoking a short, black pipe, but as Elleen approached, this time alone, he emptied the bowl on the back of his hand, blew the ashes to the four winds, and as the girl neared him turned and with a little hesitancy walked by her side.

"You're pretty cheeky," commented Elicen, and there was the faintest trace of brogue in her rich voice. "I don't know you."

"Don't you want to?" he answered. His words were clean cut. He had been born in America just after his parents had come from Ratzky, in Poland, but Elleen had known Irish sod till she was 6 years old, in truth.

"I might, and you gave me time to think about it," she answered with an independent toss of her dark head. Her eyes had a mischievous, come-on expression as they danced up at him. She not all his pulses hammering. And she felt at once her power over this great giant of a lad, and she rejoiced, because she saw also that, despite his masterful air, he was a bit shy and would hold himself well in hand.

"Til give you plenty of occasion to know me," he said. "My name is Morris" By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by Bess Bethell

Eileen and Morris had their minds made up, but it took some Irish camouflage to bring Mrs. Rothschild into line with the rest

Rothschild, and Fli be at the edge of her cruel withholding of herself, and it the sidewalk every noon the whistle being a glorious summer day, that set the bloom tingling in his raise he altread to be a side of the bloom tingling in his raise he altread.

"And by every token you believe I'll be there, too," she flung back at him.

"I don't see why you should be so stand-offsh," he replied; "I'd like to take you about a bit. I be-

being a glorious summer day, that set the blood tingling in his vains, he slipped his arm into hers, thrilled as her body touched his, and invited her to have an ice cream soda at the Greek's, near by.

Before they parted she had promised

iong to a lodge that gives a dance every once in a while, and I thought maybe you'd po with me"

"We'll see about all

"I might and you give me time to think about it," ahe answered,

that," she answered him; "I must be getting back now."

Morris worked and sang under his breath all that afternoon. He thought of Eileen's short steps adapting themselves to his longer ones, her dark blue eyes with the curling lashes. He liked her little, smart, clipped accent, too, though he wondered why she wasn't more Americanized in her speech. He prided himself on being a thorough American. But he liked any difference that marked Eileen from the other girls of his acquaintance.

E ILEEN didn't emerge from the factory at the noon hour next day, nor the day after, but on a Friday she rewarded him for his waiting. He was so glad to see her that he forget to reproach her for

to go with him to a dance given by his lodge on Saturday night.

"It'll be dressy, won't it?" she asked as she was leaving him.

"Oh, you can wear anything and look nice," he said. "Most of the girls wear white or gay colors and some lace."

Eileen worked overtime in the candy factory so she might achieve a handsome dress. She was very conscientious about using any of her mother's little patrimony. Mrs. McCullough right willingly helped her. Being Irish, romance was always hot in her blood, and vicariously she lived Eileen's love affairs.

They achieved a miracle on small outlay. A white net dress with coral ribbone cleverly adjusted here and there. A coral smood for the black hair and white eatin stippere; crowning place, a sliver

Morris cailed in due form on Saturday evening. Proudly Elleen introduced him to her mother. There was a magnetism about him that found its way to all women's hearts. Mrs. McCullough smiled up at him. She hoped Elleen would marry him. His race, she had always heard, took good care of its women.

Morris and Eileen went out into the summer night. Eileen were over the net drees a long capelike coat that had been her mother's when she had lived in the north of Ireland and had many swain. The silver scarf was flung over her head. Morris thought her the most exquisite being his eyes had ever rested upon.

They walked the length of two blocks, found a street car, rode half a mile, descended at the lodge hall. It was above a grocery store, and Morris carefully helped Elleen up the short flight of stairs. Morris deeply in love, she yielding her heart as well she knew, but keeping her pride ever ready.

The hall was decorated handsomely with flowers and flags, but the delicate fragrance of the flowers was not sufficient to deaden completely the odor of wilted vegetables.

Eileen, however, not too critical, went into the ladies' waiting-room, removed her cape and lace hood, smoothed her hair, powdered coplously, touched her blue-black eyes at their corners, and was glad Morris had achieved a dress sulf, rented, she supposed, for the occasion.

MORRIS waited anxiously for her just outside the dressing-room. Strains of music came floating to them.

"My, but you're sweet!" he cried; "I like white touched up with pink."

"Coral," she corrected him: Then she flushed and turned her eyes up foll at him, just now full of teasing light.

"Come on," he said; "I've got to introduce you, though I hate to!"

"Well, if that's the way you feel, what did you ask me for?"

This was her idea of coquetry, and his, too, for he smiled back at her and slipped his arms through hers, holding her close. "You know what I asked you for, all

right," he said meaningly.

In the hall he introduced her about, and it pleased his pride mightily that she

At once "made a hit" with his fellow men.

A two-step started before there was time for any others to ask Eileen's favors, and Morris put his arm about her alim waist and they danced away together.

The floor was humpy and rough in spots, and the music a bit offkey, but to Eileen and to Morris there lacked nothing to mar the perfection of the hour.

"You're a fairy dancer," he told her when the music stopped.

"You're not so bad yourself," she answered. And then there came a dozen others to Elleen's shrine. After a time she walked gravely through the grand march with Morris, and when she received her program it was filled in a few moments.

"Such a little queen!" said Morris

Elleen believed she would never forget the joy of that evening. Morris loving, Morris jealous, Morris masterful, all his moods kept her in a heaven of delight. This young printer had put a mark upon her as had no other man.

At midnight they donned their outside wraps and went down the stairs together and stood under the stars. Eileen was entrancing, the white, sparkling shawt over her hair, the dark cape hanging from her shoulders.

"If we leave now," said Morris, "we can walk home, and it won't be so late."

"Til have to run back and charge my

a fringe. His black arms was bare and as in his shirt and dongarees. He had a hig belt and a long revolver slung gear to scare the new bands, and he d flerce enough in it, too. But the minute me eyes lit on him I felt the blood a-choking in me neck. I made a leap for

"He had no time to get that gun if he had a mind to. I do not think he so much as tried. I was on him with me two hands about his throat. We went to the deck together. I sunk me fingers in and felt his pipes give and give. And then the others came-two from aft and four or five harpooners and boatmen-and pried me off. They dragged me to the ekipper and he had them spreadeagle me on the for ard batch.

They laid me flat and pulled my arms and legs as far as they would go, and triced me there all hard and fast, so that I could not stir an inch. The burning in me fints was like red-hot fire. My face was up, a-looking at the sky. And Lily come and leaned over me and spit on me as I laid there. All day and all night they kept me there. I thought that I had died with the last thing I knowed, that black mongrel cursing me, and me heart a-busting inside of me for the thinking of Annette. Well, I come to in the forecastle, stowed away in me bunk. And from that day I was a good dog.

. . .

YE SEE, it was this way: When I come to meself I was alone down there and I got time for thought. I knowe what I was up against. And says I meself. I will bide me time and see whether there is God. There is the la to get back to and there is Lily Brown to kill with me two hands. And the v'y'ge is not done with yet. I will wait and will find out."

Lighthouse Tom groped in his pockets and hauled forth his tobacco. He filled up his pipe, lighted it and smoked for a ned to calm him, for h face became placid and he said, as if it were to himself, "Ah, well, 'twas many ers ago." Then he resumed his yarn.

"The old Henry Buck was a slow tub d there was no hurry anyugh, ar ways, for the ice was hardly due to be out of Behring Sea at the best ye could put it. So we loafed along under mil with the engines idle. I counted the days until el was due to be a-coming into rt. It was hard, hard! Someti had to fight mesself to keep me hands wn to me sides and may, 'Aye, aye, sir,' en Lily Brown was a-handing me ti rough side of his dirty tongue. And I had to look down on the deck lest he should see what was in me heart. But I se it. They got it into their heads that as broke. And then, ye see, I was a good able-bodied seaman, which the reof that crew was not by a long ways

"Well, Behring Sea was full of ice. and we put back to Dutch Harbor to nd by fer the breaking. Sence the day for that port I have been what ye might call a Christian. That is to say I have always knowed that there is God.

"Te see, Dutch Harbor was the last of the world in them days. Chances was after that a whaler would see no other port unless it might be some out of the way station. And hell would really begin. So I give up an idee that had come into me head of making a run fer Lily Brown and taking him overboard with me. I would of done it, too, if we had not put back. I was in a bad way; I had got to talking to messif, so that I had to keep a weather eye out, fer fear they id catch me at it and hear what I was

We made Dutch Harbor in the night time. Marnin' come with us at anchor. A lot of mountains abuts the place in; they come right down to the water's I was on deck near the rail a-look ing at the tops of them, when here come the old Fremont a-racing by. She was the fastest schooner in the fishing fleet in them days. She had left Frieco long behind no and had caught up carry enough. She come so clest that I could of throwed a stone from our deck to hera. And there, up for'ard, was Olaf Hansen that I had took drink with in the Bells of Shandon that arternoon before Lily Brown laid me by the beele.

"We three looked into each other's ces; and I seen them grab hold of each other's arms. But that was all. I made no sign and they made none. I turn if there had been nothing in the wind at all, and Lily Brown was right behind me. He was all rigged out in that there pirate gear of his, with his six-shooter in his

"'Know that craft?' says he

"I had better sense than to lie, for all nds knowed I was an old sea this coast. So I says, 'Sure, I sailed on her once years ago."

says he.

'Couldn't tell ye, sir,' says I: 'men has changed sence I was to see last."

"He grunted something; then be start-

ed away. In a minute he came back ag'in.

"Get below,' says he, 'and don't show yer face on deck unless ye're called!"

'Aye, aye, sir.' says I. If he had give me orders then to lick off his boots I would of done it, and shipshape, too. Ye may lay to that, lad.

"I went below. I laid down in me bunk and put me poor head to figuring it Twas plain as a map. The whole crew of the Fremont would know now that I had been shanghaied on the old Henry Buck. For hadn't I told Olaf Hansen and Shrivel-Head Pete about the lay of the land, ye see? And back in port the lass, according to the reckoning I was a-keeping; was a month from the day when there would be two of them there, a-standing by fer me.

That poor, rotten bunch that we called our crew was all a-whispering together. I knowed that they had some thing on, but I paid no heed to that until one of them came over to my bunk. He was a one-eyed hoodlum from down in Butchertown, that had shipped of his own free will, because he had San Quentin a-waiting for him if he stayed ashore Saye he, 'Mate,' says he, 'there's a ste er in the harbor.' I knowed then that it must be the Dora or the Bertha, for they was a-making them westward ports then She will be a sailing sometime in the night,' says he. 'Are ye game for to go with us? We'll make a rush fer the t men on watch and get a boat overside. says he; 'and we'll board her and tell our story.

I told him that it would only land them back on the Henry Buck in irons. He went away. They had more talk to-gether, and I seed how they was arguing of it out among themselves. And at last they seemed to give it up. In the arternoon six of them started ag'in. And the one-eyed hoodlum come over to me once more. This time they had it laid out to get the boat and make a try fer the las and the mountains. 'Any place,' says he, is better than this hell's hole.' But I shook me head and told him it was no use, and I was done with all that sort of

"So the forecastle was lone enough that evening, for they all held away from me more than ever they ha and whispered amongst themselves. And all the time I was a-lying there a-wondering how the play would come up fer me and when it might come, annyhow.

HE best I could figure it was this: They would be a-standing by on the Fremont, and some of them was be be pretty clost by midnight. If I got no hail in any fashion from them, and nothin come, I could slip on deck then and make a run and a jump fer it over the side. I ras a good swimmer, and char there would be a dory a-waiting for me

"Well, midnight drawled along an begun to wonder whether mebbe I hadn't better be thinking of stirring, when I heard some of them poor devile begin to move in their bunks. I seen six of them ship out and come together; and I made y was all dress d but in their socks. While they was bunched I see the shine of a knife in the hand of the oneeyed hoodlum that had had the talk with me. It come to me mind that mebbe they might stick me to keep me quiet. But even while I was a-thinking of that they begun to make fer the companionway. One of the bunch went on ahead; and the rest waited until he come a-crawling back. Then all dx went up together, bent over and easy on their feet as tomcats.

"I waited and did not move. Pretty quick there come a scuffin' noise on deck And that was all. It seemed like a year, and then there came a bump. Says I to meself. 'They've got Lily Brown;' and I felt like I had been cheated. And just as was a-thinking there come a long, horrid screech; and hard on that the racket of a boat being lowered away.

"It didn't take long fer the pounding of the boots from aft. 'All hands on deck! siege out a voice. "Twas Lily Brown. I cracked my head ag'in a timber a-tumbling up. And no sooner had I hit the planks above when a yell sounded from alongside. 'Twas men in sore distress, too. Just then I stubbed me toe on something soft. I looked down and I see the third mate sprawled out flat. I stipped in the blood that was all over everything and capsized alongside of him. As I was a-rightin' meself that yell come ag'in from the water. I knowed what it was. They had pulled the boat plugs while they was in port; and them poor devils was a-drowning alongside of the Henry Buck.

"I made a run fer the rail, and I got the noise of oars hard by. That would be the Fremont's dory. I knowed that. Lily Brown and four others was a-cussing the air blue making ready to lower away another boat. I knew what I had to do. I whirled where I was a-standing and made that blue-eyed nigger in two jumps. I swung one and then two, and he went to the deck like a log of wood. And now there was no time to waste. Down in Prisco the lass was a-waiting; and here was the Fremont's dory a-coming on the jump. I only took a second to put me boots into that mongrel face and spile it worse than ever it had been spiled in the making. And then I went over the rail while two barpooners was about to lay hands on me.

WHEN I come up—I took two minutes fer it, for I was in all me clothes -Olaf Hansen had me by the collar. I got the gunwale and yelled fer them to give 'way. And round about the air was full of the hollaring of them drowning en. I tumbled in; and right astern the Henry Buck's boot was a-rattling down. The byes in the dory made the oars crack, and a shot came after us when they was bending fer the third stroke. Dutch Harbor was as noisy as one of them East street saloons when a battleship is in port, and the men ashore with three onths' pay. I heard afterwards as how they got all their hands back only one the hoodlum from Butchertown, and he was better off as it was, what with prison behind him and the Arctic ahead.

"Shrivel-Head Pete was a-grinning at me when I righted meself in the dory. He told me how they had been a-standing by for a matter of two hours; and was laying it out to make up a boarding party if I did not show my head. All the time the other boys was pulling fit to kill We went right on past the Fremont.

The Bertha sails in the half hour." says Shrivel-Head; 'we fixed it with the man on the dock. They will stow ye away in the fireroom.

"And so they did. I was a-drying out when the Henry Buck's skipper ec aboard of the Bertha; but he did not make a search, for they give him a game of talk on deck that sent him back to the Frement. Inside of an hour we was cutside of Duich Harbor.

"Well, there was a whele sizing of Bittle half-way peris to make, and the Bertha was no ocean greybound, ango how. So we took a matter of three w and more before we entered Popet Sound I had to loaf about Scattle for another two days, a-waiting for the salling of Frisco boat. I worked me passage in the fireroom, and one mornin' I walked wn the gangplank to the wharf ever there. 'Twas a lumber carrier I had come in, and she had a good sized cargo, What's more, we met head winds and a heavy sea. So me month was up that I had figured that evenin' before cleared the Henry Buck's rail.

AD, I made for Ruscon and a said on and a fair wind. I do not call mail on and a fair wind. I do not call AD. I made for Rincon Hill with all to mind one thing from the dock to the shack where I had left the lase, only that I had collisions with two or three that was slow in getting acrost me bows: and a cop was set on taking me to the station fer a crazy man. I come to the place at last. I went up to the door on a run, all out of wind. Mother Martin opened it in me face.

'So,' says she, 'ye're back in port. Tis time! Where have ye been a-keepin' of verself, and what have we to say?

"She was as ugly as a fighting buildog, but it was only the way of her, for she knowed that I had been in a hard fir Twas all over East street how I had been shanghaled on the Henry Buck three days arter we had sailed. Well, I made shift to tell her as fast as I could how I had got back.

"The lase,' says she, 'is all snug and in good trim. As good as ye could look

fer. The baby come last night."
"'Leave me in,' says i. 'Gangway.

"'Aisy,' says she. 'Ye're not on the Henry Buck now, lad. Yer wife is got to be give word first. Stand by and I'll be out directly."

"I cooled me heels on the doorstep until I was well-nigh crazy. She come out with her skinny old finger on her lip.

"Take off yer boots, says she. And make a try to tread light."

I stripped them off and follied her inside. The lass was a-lying in her bed. She was main weak, of course; and I went alongside of her on me knees. We had our word or two together and then she give me a queer look, half scared. proud like. And Mother Martin . come slipping in behind me with the baby in her arms.

Michael, says I, and come to my feet a-grinning with the pride that was a-busting in me.

"'Michael nawthing!' . mays . Mother Martin. "That's no name fer a girl."

"And so it was; and as fine a one as ye ever clapped eyes on. I stood there alooking, and old Mother Martin give me signals with her eyes to take notice of the missus

She was a-lying there, a-looking like she was waiting fer some sort of a word from me. And I seen it agin in them big eyes of hers, like she was in a way scared along with all the proudness that was in her. And I remembered how I had made say 'Michael' after me. And I felt like a fool; for here I was with a lass instid of a bye, and glad of it. And so t told her, and she begun to cry then. ye see, lad, she was main weary with it

Lighthouse Tom pulled at the tobacco and said nothing for a minute or two

"It was two year before Michael did come. Ah, well. And now I'm a grandfather. A man grows old. He does.

Company Blameless

Employe Sir, I would respectfully ask you for an increase of mlary; I have get

Manager-Very sorry, Henry, but the company is not responsible for any aceident that happens to its employes when off duty.